

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

### CHAPTER LXI. A DISCOVERY.

I STARTED to my feet, and was going to meet him, but he raised his hand, as I fancied to warn me that some one was coming. So I stopped short, and he approached.

"I shall be very busy for two or three days, dear Ethel; and," what he added was spoken very slowly, and dropped word by word, "you are such a rogue!"

I was very much astonished. Neither his voice nor look was playful. His face at the moment wore about the most disagreeable expression which human face can wear. That of a smile, not a genuine, but a pretended smile, which, at the same time, the person who smiles affects to try to suppress. To me it looks cruel, cynical, mean. I was so amazed, as he looked in my eyes, with this cunning, shabby smile, that I could not say a word, and stood stock-still looking in return, in stupid wonder, in his face.

At length I broke out, very pale, for I was shocked, "I can't understand! What is it? Oh, Richard, what can you mean?"

"Now don't be a little fool. I really believe you are going to cry. You are a great deal too clever, you lovely little rogue, to fancy that a girl's tears ever yet did any good. Listen to me; come!"

He walked away, still smiling that insulting smile, and he took my hand in his, and shook his finger at me, with the same cynical affectation of the playful. "What do I mean?"

"Yes, what can you mean?" I stamped the emphasis on the floor, with tears in my eyes. "It is cruel, it is horrible, after our long separation."

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean," he said, and for a moment the smile almost degenerated to a sneer. "Look here; come to the window."

I faltered; I accompanied him to it, looking in his face in an agony of alarm and surprise. It seemed to me like the situation of a horrid dream.

"Do you know how I amused myself during the last twenty miles of my railway journey?" he said. "Well, I'll tell you; I was reading all that time a curious criminal trial, in which a most respectable old gentleman, aged sixty-seven, has just been convicted of having poisoned a poor girl forty years ago, and is to be hanged for it before three weeks!"

"Well?" said I, with an effort—I should not have known my own voice, and I felt a great ball in my throat.

"Well?" he repeated; "don't you see?"

He paused with the same horrid smile; this time, in the silence, he laughed a little; it was no use trying to hide from myself the fact that I dimly suspected what he was driving at. I should have liked to die that moment before he had time to complete another sentence.

"Now, you see, the misfortune of that sort of thing is that time neither heals nor hides the offence. There is a principle of law which says that no lapse of time bars the Crown. But I see this kind of conversation bores you."

I was near saying something very wild and foolish, but I did not.

"I won't keep you a moment," said he; "just come a little nearer the window; I want you to look at something that may interest you."

I did go a little nearer. I was moving as he commanded, as if I had been mesmerised.

"You lost," he continued, "shortly be-

fore your illness, the only photograph you possessed of your sister Helen? But why are you so put out by it? Why should you tremble so violently? It is only I, you know; you need not mind. You dropped that on the floor of a jeweller's shop one night, when I and Droquville happened to be there together, and I picked it up; it represents you both together. I want to restore it; here it is."

I extended my hand to take it. I don't know whether I spoke, but the portrait faded suddenly from my sight, and darkness covered everything. I heard his voice, like that of a person talking in excitement, a long way off, at the other side of a wall in another room; it was no more than a hum, and even that was growing fainter.

I forgot everything, in utter unconsciousness, for some seconds.

When I opened my eyes, water was trickling down my face and forehead, and the window was open.

I sighed deeply. I saw him looking over me with a countenance of gloom and anxiety. In happy forgetfulness of all that had passed, I smiled and said:

"Oh, Richard! Thank God!" and stretched my arms to him.

"That's right—quite right," he said; "you may have every confidence in me."

The dreadful recollection began to return.

"Don't get up yet," he said, earnestly, and even tenderly; "you're not equal to it. Don't think of leaving me; you must have confidence in me; why didn't you trust me long ago—trust me altogether. Fear nothing while I am near you."

So he continued speaking until my recollection had quite returned.

"Why, darling, will you not trust me? Can you be surprised at my being wounded by your reserve? How have I deserved it? Forget the pain of this discovery, and remember only that against all the world to the last hour of my life, with my last thought, the last drop of my blood, I am your defender."

He kissed my hands passionately; he drew me towards him, and kissed my lips. He murmured caresses and vows of unalterable love—nothing could be more tender and impassioned. I was relieved by a passionate burst of tears.

"It's over now," he said; "it's all over; you'll forgive me, won't you? I have more to forgive, darling, than you; the hardest of all things to forgive in one whom we idolise—a want of confidence in us. You ought to have told me all this before."

I told him, as well as I could between my sobs, that there was no need to tell any one of a madness which had nothing to do with waking thoughts or wishes, and was simply the extravagance of delirium—that I was then actually in fever, had been at the point of death, and that Mr. Carmel knew everything about it.

"Well, darling," he said, "you must trouble your mind no more. Of course you are not accountable for it. If people in brain fever were not carefully watched and restrained, a day would not pass without some tragedy. But what care I, Ethel, if it had been a real crime of passion? Nothing. Do you fancy it would or could, for an instant, have shaken my desperate love for you? Don't you remember Moore's lines:

I ask not, I care not, if guilt's in thy heart;  
I but know that thou lov'st me, whatever thou art.

That is my feeling, fixed as adamant; never suspect me. I can't, I never can, tell you how I felt your suspicion of my love; how cruel I thought it. What had I done to deserve it? There, darling, take this; it is yours." He kissed the little photograph, he placed it in my hand, he kissed me again fervently. "Look here, Ethel, I came all this way, ever so much out of my way, to see you. I made an excuse of paying the vicar a visit on business; my real business was to see you. I must be this evening at Wrexham, but I shall be here again to-morrow as early as possible. I am a mere slave at present, and business hurries me from point to point; but cost what it may, I shall be with you some time in the afternoon to-morrow."

"To stay?" I asked.

He smiled, and shook his head.

"I can't say that, darling," he said; he was going towards the door.

"But you'll be here early to-morrow; do you think before two?"

"No, not before two, I am afraid. I may be delayed, and it is a long way; but you may look out for me early in the evening."

Then came a leave-taking. He would not let me come with him to the hall-door; there were servants there, and I looked so ill. I stood at the window and saw him drive away.

You may suppose I did feel miserable. I think I was near fainting again when he was gone.

In a little time I was sufficiently recovered to get up to my room, and there I rang for Rebecca Torkill.

I don't know how that long evening went by. The night came, and a miserable nervous night I passed, starting in frightful dreams from the short dozes I was able to snatch.

## CHAPTER LXII. SIR HARRY WITHDRAWS.

NEXT morning, when the grey light came, I was neither glad nor sorry. The shock of my yesterday's interview with the only man on earth I loved, remained. It was a shock, I think, never to be quite recovered. I got up and dressed early. How ill and strangely I looked out of the glass in my own face!

I did not go down. I remained in my room, loitering over the hours that were to pass, before the arrival of Richard.

I was haunted by his changed face. I tried to fix in my recollection the earnest look of love on which my eyes had opened from my swoon. But the other would take its place, and remain; and I could not get rid of the startled pain of my heart. I was haunted now, as I had been ever since that scene had taken place, with a vague misgiving of something dreadful going to happen.

I think it was between four and five in the evening that Rebecca Torkill came in, looking pale and excited.

"Oh, Miss Ethel, dear, what do you think has happened?" she said, lifting up both hands and eyes so soon as she was in at the door.

"Good Heaven, Rebecca!" I said, starting up; "is it anything bad?"

I was on the point of saying "anything about Mr. Marston?"

"Oh, miss! what do you think? Poor Sir Harry Rokestone is dead."

"Sir Harry dead!" I exclaimed.

"Dead, indeed, miss," said Rebecca. "Thomas Byres is just come up from the vicar's, and he's had a letter from Mr. Blount this morning, and the vicar's bin down at the church with Dick Mattox, the sexton, giving him directions about the vault. Little thought I, when I saw him going away—a fine man he was, six feet two, Adam Bell says, in his boots—little thought I, when I saw him walk down the steps, so tall and hearty, he'd be coming back so soon in his coffin, poor gentleman. But, miss, they say dead folk's past feeling, and what does it all matter now? One man's breath is another man's death. And so the world goes on, and all forgot before long.

To the grave with the dead,  
And the quick to the bread.

A rough gentleman he was, but kind; the tenants will be all sorry. They're all talking, the servants, down-stairs. He was one that liked to see his tenants and his poor comfortable."

All this and a great deal more Rebecca discoursed.

I could hardly believe her news. A letter, I thought, would have been sure to reach Dorracleugh, as soon as the vicar's house, at least.

Possibly this dismaying news would turn out to be mere rumour, I thought, and end in nothing worse than a sharp attack of gout in London. Surely we should have heard of his illness before it came to such a catastrophe. Nevertheless, I had to tear up my first note to the vicar; I was so flurried, and it was so full of blunders; and I was obliged to write another.

It was simply to entreat information in this horrible uncertainty, which had for the time superseded all my other troubles.

A mounted messenger was despatched forthwith to the vicar's house.

But we soon found that the rumour was everywhere, for people were arriving from all quarters to inquire at the house.

It was, it is true, so far as we could learn, mere report; but its being in so many places was worse than ominous.

The messenger had not been gone ten minutes, when Richard Marston arrived. From my room I saw the chaise come to the hall-door, and I ran down at once to the drawing-room.

Richard had arrived half an hour before his time. He entered the room from the other door as I came in, and met me eagerly, looking tired and anxious, but very lovingly. Not a trace of the Richard whose smile had horrified me the day before.

Almost my first question to him was whether he had heard any such rumour.

He was holding my hand in his as I asked the question; he laid his other on it, and looked sadly in my eyes, as he answered, "It is only too true. I have lost the best friend that man ever had."

I was too much startled to speak for some seconds, then I burst into tears.

"No, no," he said, in answer to something I had said. "It is only too certain—there can be no doubt; look at this."

He took a telegraph paper from his pocket and showed it to me. It was from "Lemuel Blount, London."

It announced the news in the usual shocking laconics, and said, "I write to you to Dykham."

"I shall get the letter this evening when I reach Dykham, and I'll tell you all that is in it to-morrow. The telegraph message had reached me yesterday, when I saw you, but I could not bear to tell you the dreadful news until I had confirmation, and that has come. The vicar has had a message, about which there can be no mistake. And now, darling, put on your things, and come out for a little walk; I have ever so many things to talk to you about."

Here was a new revolution in my troubled history. More or less of the horror of uncertainty again encompassed my future years. But grief, quite unselfish, predominated in my agitation. I had lost a benefactor. His kind face was before me, and the voice, always subdued to tenderness when he spoke to me, was in my ear. I was grieved to the heart.

I got on my hat and jacket, and with a heavy heart went out with Richard.

For many reasons the most secluded path was that best suited for our walk. Richard Marston had just told the servants the substance of the message he had received that morning from Mr. Blount, so that they could have no difficulty about answering inquiries at the hall-door.

We soon found ourselves in the path that had witnessed so many of our meetings. I wondered what Richard intended talking about. He had been silent and thoughtful. He hardly uttered a word during our walk, until we had reached what I may call our trysting-tree, the grand old beech-tree, under which a huge log of timber, roughly squared, formed a seat.

Though little disposed myself to speak, his silence alarmed me.

"Ethel, darling," he said, suddenly, "have you formed any plans for the future?"

"Plans!" I echoed. "I don't know—what do you mean, Richard?"

"I mean," he continued, sadly, "have you considered how this misfortune may affect us? Did Sir Harry ever tell you anything about his intentions—I mean what he thought of doing by his will? Don't look so scared, darling," he added, with a melancholy smile; "you will see just now what my reasons are. You can't suppose that a sordid thought ever entered my mind."

I was relieved.

"No; he never said a word to me about his will, except what I told you," I answered.

"Because the people who knew him at Wrexham are talking. Suppose he has

cut me off and provided for you, could I any longer in honour hold you to an engagement, to fulfil which I could contribute nothing?"

"Oh, Richard, darling, how can you talk so? Don't you know, whatever I possess on earth is yours."

"Then my little woman refuses to give me up, even if there were difficulties?" he said, pressing my hands, and smiling down upon my face in a kind of rapture.

"I could not give you up, Richard—you know I couldn't," I answered.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, softly, looking down upon me still, with the same smile.

"Richard, how could you ever have dreamed such a thing? You don't know how you wound me."

"I never thought it, I never believed it, darling. I knew it was impossible; whatever difficulties might come between us, I knew that I could not live without you; and I thought you loved me as well. Nothing then shall part us—nothing. Don't you say so? Say it, Ethel. I swear it, nothing."

I gave him the promise; it was but repeating what I had often said before. Never was vow uttered from a more willing heart.

Even now I am sure he admired me, and, after his manner, loved me with a vehement passion.

"But there are other people, Ethel," he resumed, "who think that I shall be very well off, who think that I shall inherit all my uncle's great fortune. But all may not go smoothly, you see; there may be great difficulties. Promise me, swear it once more, that you will suffer no obstacles to separate us. That we shall be united be they what they may; that you will never, so help you Heaven, forsake me or marry another."

I did repeat the promise.

We walked towards home; I wondering what special difficulty he could be thinking of now; but, restrained by a kind of fear, I did not ask him.

"I'm obliged to go away again, immediately," said he, after another short silence; "but my business will be over to-night, and I shall be here again in the morning, and then I shall be my own master for a time, and have a quiet day or two, and be able to open my heart to you, Ethel."

We walked on again in silence. Suddenly he stopped, laying his hand on my shoulder, and looking sharply into my face, said:



"I'll leave you here; it is time, Ethel, that I should be off." He held my hand in his, and his eyes were fixed steadily upon mine. "Look here," he said, after another pause, "I must make a bitter confession, Ethel; you know me with all my faults; I have no principle of calculation in me; equity and all that sort of thing, would stand a poor chance with me, against passion; I am all passion; it has been my undoing, and will yet I hope," and he looked on me with a wild glow in his dark eyes, "be the making of me, Ethel. No obstacles shall separate us, you have sworn; and mind, Ethel, I'm a fellow that never forgives; and as Heaven is my judge, if you give me up, I'll not forgive you. But that will never be. God bless you, darling; you shall see me early to-morrow. Go you in that direction; let us keep our secret a day or two longer. You look as if you thought me mad; I'm not that; though I sometimes half think so myself. There has been enough in my life to make a steadier brain than mine crazy. Good-bye, Ethel, darling, till to-morrow. God bless you."

With these words he left me. His reckless language had plainly a meaning in it. My heart sank, as I thought on the misfortune that had reduced me again to uncertainty, and perhaps to a miserable dependence. It was by no means impossible that nothing had been provided for either him or me by Sir Harry Rokestone. Men, prompt and accurate in everything else, so often go on postponing a will until "the door is shut to," and the hour passed for ever. It was horrible allowing such thoughts to intrude; but Richard's conversation was so full of the subject, and my position was so critical and dependent, that it did recur, not with sordid hopes, but in the form of a great and reasonable fear.

When Richard was out of sight, as he quickly was among the trees, I turned back, and sitting myself down again, on the rude bench, under our own beech-tree, I had a long and bitter cry all to myself.

### PERFUMES.

No taste is more general than that for perfumes; and in the earliest times, and among the rudest nations, we find the use of sweet scents as part of the means whereby the daily life of man is beautified, and the dread deities in heaven adored. The Egyptian priest, taking him as the oldest example of whom we know anything, was diligent in offering incense to his gods or

anointing them with sweet unguents, when he wished to deprecate their wrath or obtain their favour. In a certain poem which was engraven on the walls of Karnak, and which Monsieur Rougé has translated, Ramses II. prayed the god Ammon to give him the victory over his enemies, by reminding him half coaxingly: "Have I not celebrated thee by many and splendid feasts? have I not fill'd thy house with my booty? I have enriched thy domain, and sacrificed to thee three thousand oxen, with all manner of sweet-smelling herbs and the best perfumes." And in the tremendous solemnity of the Finding of Osiris, the symbol of the recovered god was made of clay strongly scented with aromatics, moistened with the water out of the golden vase that had been carried in gorgeous procession through the streets. The divine bull-god, Apis, was also worshipped with perfumed oblations. Incense was burnt before his altar, and his lamps were filled with scented oil by those who wished to consult him as an oracle; while to the sun-god Rê were offered three kinds of incense—aromatic gums at dawn, myrrh at noon, and a mixture of six ingredients at sunset.

All the gods had each his share in turn. To Isis, an ox filled with camphor, incense, and aromatic herbs, was a favourite sacrifice when burnt on her altars plentifully be-sprinkled with perfumed oil. Horus her dear son; Anubis the god of the dead, dog-headed; Thoth the Egyptian Hermes, the inventor of letters and chemistry; Neith the goddess of wisdom; Pasht the lion-headed; the sacred ibis and the hawk-headed god; these and all the other deities received liberal oblations of sweet scents, such as perfumed oil, aromatic herbs, odoriferous gums, and woods for burnt incense. And even the dead were not forgotten. Before their statues the mourning relatives—represented by the priests—poured out fine perfumed oil for oblation, or burnt sweet herbs for incense, or offered pots of scented ointment; which last also they buried with them for their use in the unknown land whither they were going; men not having come yet to the knowledge of the intangibility of the spirit world. Though indeed, we can hardly say that, when we have grave scientific men who give in their adhesion to the physical marvels wrought by mediums and their familiars.

Egypt was evidently the great mart for scents and perfumes in those early days. When Joseph was carried down thither, it was by "a company of Ishmaelites, who

came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." Indeed the whole life of the old Nile land, both religious and social, was largely interpreted by the love and use of perfumes. Not only were the gods fed and worshipped with sweet-smelling offerings, but guests were received in chambers strewn with flowers, and, so soon as they came in, were waited on by slaves who poured a delightful stream of fragrant essence over their heads, and hung garlands of lotus, crocus, and saffron flowers about their necks; while odoriferous gums were flung into the little perfume vases where the pastilles of the period were burning. Women made themselves beautiful to sight and delicious to sense by fresh flowers and refined essences; magicians troubled the wits of their dupes by clouds of heady vapours, luscious and oppressive; and, as the last scene of all, the poor pale corpse was transformed into a desiccated and perpetuated mummy by the process of embalming, in which aromatics played the principal part.

What was true of the Egyptians was equally so of the Jews. With them the love of perfumes held quite as large a place as that love of gold and precious stones for which they have been always famous. Judea was rich in odoriferous flowers and aromatic plants. The mountains of Gilead were covered with the amyris, the bush whence was distilled the famous balm of Gilead, or balm of Judea, so common once, so rare to-day that the Sultan alone can be supplied. The roses of Damascus were as plentiful in the days when Solomon wrote his Song as they are now when their essence has become one of the characteristic trades of the East; cinnamon; galbanum, whatever that may be—a perfume however, expressly reserved for religious rites and forbidden the laity; the cypress-tree (*lawsonia inermis*) with its sweet-scented golden flowers; nard, said by some to be a valerian (*valeriana jatamansi*), by others an andropogon (*andropogon nardus*); saffron, or the crocussativus; the calamus aromaticus, a sweet-scented reed of the same family as that famous stick in which the two monks brought the eggs of the silkworm from China to Europe; the resinous gum of the boswellia thurifer, sometimes called the olibanum tree; the aloe, or *aloe xylum agallochum*, the aromatic wood of which forms the principal ingredient in the scented sticks burnt by the Chinese and Hindoos in their temples, and which is by no means the aloe of commerce and the chemist's shop; these

seem to have been the principal sources of Hebrew perfumes. But what "stacte" and "onycha" and "galbanum," may really mean, not even the most learned have been able yet to determine satisfactorily. Setting aside then, an absolutely accurate translation, we have some idea of what Jewish perfumes, sacred and profane, were composed; and we find that these perfumes were employed liberally both for religion and society; as indeed is and was the case at all times and in all countries of that part of the world we call vaguely the East. The perfumed wine of Lebanon was renowned. "And the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon," is one of the promises held out by the prophet Hosea to those who will confess that Asshur shall not save them, and who will return to the God of Israel. Myrrh, steeped in wine, used to be given to criminals at the moment of their torture, being supposed to have a stupefying property so that they should not feel their pains—Saint Mark speaks "of wine mingled with myrrh" offered to our Lord on the cross, though the other Evangelists make it vinegar mixed with water—and many of the substances used for perfumes were used also for condiments and medicines. Paint and perfume made up a large portion of the Jewish woman's adornments. The religious purification of women, which lasted for a year before they could be presented as fit offerings for his pleasure to the king, consisted of "six months (anointment?) with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odours." Finally, the path of the bride was strewn with flowers, and watered with sweet waters.

The Assyrians of old and the Parsees of to-day; the Babylonians, the Medes, and the Persians; all and every people, of whom we have any record worthy of the name, are to be found making use of sweet scents, now in their religious rites, and now in their state ceremonials, as well as in their daily lives for pleasure, hospitality, and personal adornment; and many too as we have seen with the Egyptians, on that day after death when the body demands still the cares of the living to preserve it from decay, and themselves from added sorrow.

Coming into times when history is clearer and nearer, as with the Greeks and Romans, always the same thing meets us—a profusion of scents both as made perfumes by burning and distillation, and as the natural odour of flowers. Part of the magic of beauty by which Helen of Troy

inspired the love that ended in ruin, came, says one legend, from her special knowledge of perfumes. The nymph Ceneone, whom Paris first married and then deserted, too much in love to refuse her handsome faithless shepherd-spouse anything he desired, allowed him once to assist at the toilet of Venus. And he, when he became the lover of Helen, told her all he had seen, and how the perfumes and unguents were made which gave the goddess so much of her divine loveliness. Helen first made use of her knowledge for her own advantage, which was but natural; then gave her various recipes to her friends and companions, which was generous; and from this arose the art of perfumery in Greece. Incense burnt before the statue of the god, and scented oil, or pure water, or it might be wine, poured out at the same time, made the "complete oblation" which the gods found so well pleasing to them, as they sat on the cloudy Olympian heights, and watched the multitudes below. For it has ever been believed by those who burnt incense and made sacrifices to their gods that the sweet scents of gums and woods, passing upwards in smoke and through fire, formed part of the food whereon the divine life was nourished, and gave pleasurable sustenance to the deities who else, we may suppose, ran some risk of starvation. It is a belief cherished to this day by certain innocent if ignorant souls; and we have heard it gravely assigned as one reason why we, in cold unimaginative England, have no intercourse now with angels, spirits, or even the minor orders of elves and fairies, because we do not feed them on incense and sweet scents. Those therefore who burn pastilles or Bruges ribbon, who have a Rimmel's fountain playing on their tables, or who even thrust the shovel into the fire and pour on it a few drops of scent, are those who may hope not unreasonably for "manifestations" and "communications" out of the ordinary course of things. For round them flock the viewless creatures of the air; who carefully avoid all those parsimonious unperfumed folks who give them no such sweet food; and where the spirits are, come naturally signs of their presence.

In Macedonia perfumes were dear, dearer than in any other part of Greece. When Alexander the Great was a child, he one day burnt an extravagant amount on an altar, and Leonidas rebuked him, telling him that before burning incense so prodigally he ought to have waited until he had conquered the country. When the

man who wept because there were no more worlds to subdue had overcome Asia, he sent his old tutor a cargo of myrrh and incense (six hundred talents' weight), telling him that now he could sacrifice to the gods without regard to economy. Perfumes entered largely into all the magical incantations and sybilline excitements of olden times; and no philtre could be composed without them. By their aid Circe kept Ulysses so long in her magic power; and Medea restored Eson to youth by boiling his old limbs in a bath of aromatic herbs. "Unhappily," says Monsieur Rimmel, from whose luxurious and sweetly scented book, *Le Livre des Parfums*, we have drawn the materials for this paper, "unhappily this recipe has not come down to us, else we might perhaps still find some Esons who would brave the caldron." But no more notable instance of the power of perfumes is to be found than in the story of Phaon. From a coarse ungainly pilot he became one of the most delicately beautiful of men; all because he anointed himself with a delightful essence which a mysterious and lovely woman gave him in an alabaster vase, as his recompense for carrying her to the isle of Cyprus. Myrto, the diligent votary of Venus, had a boil on her chin cured by a rose—one of those she had offered to her goddess; and athletes anointed their bodies with oil to render them both supple and slippery, adding perfume to the oil to make it still more wholesome. Aspasia wrote two volumes on the art of cosmetics, the formulas of which were engraven on tables of bronze and placed in the temples of Apollo and Æsculapius by the side of those of Hippocrates; and we may suppose that to her was owing much of the success that Athens then had in the composition of all kinds of perfumes—a success that gave her the full command of the whole market of the world.

The perfumer's shop was what the modern café is in southern Europe. Love, intrigue, politics, art—whatever you wanted to engage in—at the perfumer's you could find your double waiting for you; and you might exchange sentiments and ideas in an atmosphere redolent of roses and violets, of lilies and crocus-flowers, of iris and vine-leaves, apples and sweet herbs, and all the other perfumes in vogue at the time. There is nothing left us by which we could know them, for the inventors gave their own names to their several discoveries, as at the present time, and no recipes have been left by which an inquisitive posterity might make the like.

Solon and Socrates were opposed to too free a use of perfumes; but the objections raised by this last, one of the greatest men the world has ever seen though he was, and the special odour he would substitute, is paradoxical in the first place, and decidedly nasty in the second. All that the Greek dreamed of heaven was centred in the Elysian Fields, where the river of sweet scents flowed round the Golden City with its gates of cinnamon, its ramparts of shining emerald, and its streets paved with ivory. The blessed souls located there bathed and swam in the perfumed river; and for their better delectation, they had baths built of pure crystal, wherein a warm and odoriferous kind of dew, or "rose-rain," fell without ceasing. Besides these, five hundred fountains of perfume were always playing in the city, with three hundred and sixty-five of pure water and as many of honey; and the whole atmosphere was softened, sweetened, and refreshed by the dense vapour which ever rose from the river of sweet scents to fall again as a delicious odoriferous dew.

The Grecian love of perfumes, together with the national skill in concocting them, passed on to Rome; and the simple bunch of vervain or sage, which in early times used to be hung over the doorway of a house to counteract the evil eye, soon became only the rude symbol of a perfected art. The barber's trade was a flourishing one, and the art of perfumery joined hands with it; but the stern old Roman spirit was not subdued to the effeminacy of sweet scents without a struggle, and both L. Crassus and Julius Caesar, wishing to restrain the excess to which the passion had risen in their days, promulgated an edict to forbid the sale in Rome of all foreign compositions, comprising under this head every kind of odoriferous mixture. It was of no good; for the young Romans had taken the taste and had adopted the habit of lavishly scenting themselves, and prohibitory laws simply made indulgence more costly, but not a whit more restrained. Under the emperors the taste grew so that there was no longer the semblance of restraint. Everything and every person was scented, from the palace walls to the water of the baths, from the lady to her slaves, the soldier to his flag, and down to the very dogs and horses. Of course all religious ceremonies were accompanied by burnt incense and sweet perfumes in wine and oil and precious unguents: so likewise in the funeral rites, where, first cremation and then the deposition of the loved ashes in the funeral

urn were occasions for the large use of perfumed woods, essential oils, aromatic herbs, and the like. When Poppæa died, Nero lavished on her funeral more incense than Arabia could supply in ten years. But then Nero was immoderately fond of perfumes, as he was immoderate in all else. In his golden palace he had the rarest device of ivory-leaves which shed flowers and scents over his guests; and in a fête which he gave on the shores of Baïæ, the expense for roses alone is said to have been equal to about twenty thousand pounds of our money. But indeed almost all the emperors had the same passionate delight in perfumes; though perhaps Caligula, Nero, Heliogabalus, and Otho were the most notorious, and did the wildest things in that way. The Roman perfumers became, as time went on, a large body, and a famous one. They lived in the quarter called Viens Thuraricus; and at Capua the principal street was almost entirely devoted to them. Their art entered into everything connected with the toilet; and there was no part of the body which the perfumer of his day did not undertake to render beautiful for ever by the aid of his medicaments. Pastilles for the breath, composed chiefly of myrrh and the lentiscus; ointments to keep the limbs supple and the skin smooth—simple for young girls, that is containing one perfume only, as rose, quince, bitter-almond, narcissus, crocus, but for matrons complex, containing many ingredients; dyes for the hair, now for golden tresses and now for raven; with many other things beside—all belonged to the Rimmels of their time; and never was the art of the perfumer in higher esteem or more lavishly rewarded than in the days when the Roman matron sat on the throne of feminine power, and united the grace of Greece with her own graver, sterner dignity.

The perfumery of savages will scarcely interest us. It is sufficient to know that they all do perfume themselves with substances more or less strong, if seldom sweet. Palm oil and cocoa-nut oil, butter-nut, and the like, lubricate their dusky skins and diffuse an intense odour about them; but they are a long way yet from anything like a due appreciation of the art, as we have it, and probably our sweetest scents would be to them either sickly or imperceptible.

From the Middle Ages up to the last century, musk, civet, ambergris, and lavender sum up the best known and most popular perfumes. It is only of comparatively quite late years that the art has made so much progress, and been enriched by se



many new ingredients as we find at present. Nevertheless, and in spite of all additions, the base of European flower scents is contained in six flowers only, namely, orange flowers, roses, jasmine, violets, acacia, and tuberose. Others that have been tried are found of small use, and their special odour is best given by imitative compounds, as heliotrope is imitated by vanilla dashed with almonds, and so on. Add to these six bases geranium, lavender, rosemary, thyme, and some other aromatic herbs—the last three growing chiefly on the mountains round Grasse, Nice, and Cannes, which are the principal European centres for the manufactory of perfumes—add also the peel of bitter oranges of which the fruit goes to make curaçoa, the peel of citrons and bergamots of which the fruit goes to feed the cows of the district, and is good for the milk; add musk, sandal-wood, ambergris, and gum benjamin; of later days add the leaves of the patchouli (*po-gostemon patchouli*, one of the *labiatae*) from India; winter-green (*gualtheria procumbens*) from the United States; various of the *andropogons*, which we call goat's-beard in our own wild flowers, from Ceylon; *ihlang-ihlang* (*unona odoratissima*, one of the *anonaceae*) from the Philippine Islands; *vanda* (*aërides suaveolens*, an orchid) chiefly from Java, but from other places too in the Indian Archipelago; *frangipani* (*plumeria alba*, one of the *apocynaceae*) from both the East and West Indies—and we have some of the principal sources whence our scent-bottles are filled, and our delicate soaps and pomades perfumed. But still, wheresoever the material is to be found, the French always remain the greatest producers; and, save as regards a few exceptional perfumes—as *attar-gul* for one, *eau-de-cologne* for another—are the best manufacturers of the sweet scents which pervade the world.

They do an immense trade in perfumery, and England is their best customer, as Russia is their worst. England took in 1867, when this table was drawn up, four hundred and twenty-four thousand five hundred kilogrammes of perfumery, valued at two million five hundred and forty-six thousand francs; Russia only thirteen thousand three hundred kilogrammes, at the value of seventy-nine thousand eight hundred francs. After England comes Brazil, then Belgium, and then Spanish America; but even Brazil does very little more than half the English trade, and Spanish America less than half. The United States took fifty-seven thousand four hundred kilo-

grammes, valued at three hundred and forty-four thousand four hundred francs; and Austria only fourteen thousand six hundred kilogrammes, paying for them eighty-seven thousand six hundred francs. Germany, in spite of her own especial industry at Cologne, took one hundred and seven thousand eight hundred kilogrammes, spending six hundred and forty-six thousand eight hundred francs on her purchase; but it would be interesting to know what amount of her own perfume she exports, and which of her numberless *Jean Marie Farinas* has the largest clientèle. England does a good trade in her own indigenous lavender water; but by far the greatest proportion is exported, perfumes, like prophets, not having much honour in their own country—all that is foreign being instinctively preferred to what is home-bred, and the question of comparative excellence counting for nothing in the choice.

No one has yet been able to analyse or demonstrate the essential action of perfume. Gas can be weighed, but not scents; the smallest known creatures—the very monads of life—can be caught by the microscopic lens and made to deliver up the secrets of their organisation, but what it is that emanates from the pouch of the musk-deer, that fills a whole space for years and years with its penetrating odour, an odour which an illimitable number of extraneous substances can carry on without diminishing it in size and weight—and what it is that the warm summer air brings to us from the flowers, no man yet has been able to determine. So fine, so subtle, so imponderable, it has eluded both our most delicate weights and measures, and our strongest lenses. If we could come to the essence of each odour, we should have made an enormous stride forward, both in hygiene and in chemistry; and none would profit more than the medical profession if it could be as conclusively demonstrated that such and such an odour proceeded absolutely from such and such a cause, as we already know of sulphur, sulphuretted hydrogen, ammonia, and the like. As it is, no one knows anything; and if the art of the perfumer forms one of the chief delights of our civilised senses, the cause by which he works is a mystery solved by none.

Meanwhile we may be grateful for the result, and choice in our selection. It is never good taste to over-scent oneself, but a person who uses no kind of artificial perfume at all, neither in soap nor in pomade, nor yet in the linen, is not always the

most agreeable. A slight dash of delicate scent gives a charm of its own to a pretty woman, and helps the poor attractions of a plain one. And as all perfumes can be divided into classes, of which the fresh crisp odour of thyme may stand at one end of the scale, and the heavy odour of the lily, or the penetrating power of musk, at the other, it would be almost impossible to find a person so fastidious, and whose senses were set so cross to all natural circumstances, that not one of the numerous perfumes in the scale would delight him. But in the choice of the favourite perfume, its strength and its kind, we may find the key to much that is characteristic in our friends; nature revealing itself in the habitual use of the coarse scent called verberna or in the dainty fragrance of the violet, in the luxurious lusciousness of the Ess bouquet or the spiritual cleanliness of eau-de-cologne, as much as in the habitual preference of beef-steaks and porter or game and wine, of trenchant green or shadowy and subtle grey, of raging scarlet or the deeper passion of violet and purple.

#### GRANNY.

THIS is an age of rehabilitation. It is astonishing how many memories condemned by passion and prejudice to oblivion; or suffered, by negligence or stolid ignorance, to dwell among the moles and bats; have been rescued from obscurity, and borne with acclamation into the temple of fame. Where mud has been carefully heaped over them by past generations, it has been as industriously cleared away, and the buried ones have been delivered up even brighter than before.

Who now clings to the fond belief, so earnestly inculcated in times gone by, that the Corsican gentleman who kept the world in such a pother, was compounded of ogre, fool, and coward? Who weighs Farmer George's political bigotry and obstructive predilections against his sound good sense and sterling honesty? Who persists in regarding Oliver Cromwell in the light of a canting brewer, with a monomania for regicide, and ignores the stately gifts that set a kingdom free and gave her the place of highest honour in the council of nations? Many a lesser hero has been thus disinterred and beleauelled. We excavate our men of name like old sculptures, and, viewing them no longer through the misty medium of error and detraction, enjoy their

fair proportions, and think them fairer for the wrong they have suffered.

The difficulty of entering upon the personal defence of an abstract being, can alone have prevented the party I am about to name from finding better champions than I can pretend to be. For a long time, and from time to time, quiet protests—characteristic of her gentle nature—have been put forward, but with little other result than a scornful smile, and it is only now, when there is a risk of her very name becoming a synonym for something jocular or absurd, that stronger measures seem expedient. They should be large and sweeping. Her emancipation should be complete. If no better knight be ready, I demand this quest. My lance is in the rest, and on the banner that proudly flouts the breeze above my head, you may read, "My Grandmother."

Surely there can be no question that this venerable member of society has not, so frequently as might be wished, occupied that position which her extended years, her varied experience, her not inconsiderable savings, richly deserve! That she may be possessed of remarkable personal, as well as mental attractions, is evidenced by the jealous care with which the legislature has guarded against a union with one's grandmother, placing her at the very head of that prohibitory catalogue which has kindled so many inclinations, theretofore dormant, in the innocent mind.

There are tales, bearing the stamp of history, which seem to teach us that man's romantic nature has not been always proof against the fascinations of his charming ancestress. I recal one notable instance, which is as good as a thousand.

A young German of noble family was accustomed to pass an occasional half-hour in intellectual converse with an extremely prepossessing person, who was constantly tripping into his room, and, on one pretext or other, arousing the moody student from the philosophical meditations that were beginning to affect his health.

Little by little, these interviews became so agreeable as to awaken in the young gentleman a certain curiosity as to what his feelings actually were. On a careful analysis, made in the true German fashion, it turned out that he was in love.

Now, for the first time, it occurred to him, that he had never cared to inquire what member of his mother's household it was who had so pleasantly invaded his study.

His mother denied all knowledge of the

intruder, and treated the whole matter as a dream.

"Mother," said Fritz, firmly but respectfully, "to-morrow, I present that dream to you, and seek your blessing."

On the stranger's next visit, Fritz flung away his pipe, sank at her feet, and proposed. The charming creature passed her hand gently over Fritz's long hair—he wore it very long—and with a mournful smile replied:

"There are but two difficulties, mein lieber Fritz; but these are grave. I died ninety-five years ago, and was your maternal great-grandmother."

With that she vanished, and Fritz, refilling his pipe, did not invoke the maternal blessing that day.

This very singular incident supplies the subject of a noble German play, and, at a time when spiritual visitations are the theme of daily discussion, its importance will be readily understood.

Bereft of my grandmother at the early age of five, I was not exposed to the dangers encountered by the susceptible Fritz; the impression she left upon my mind being a compound of reverence and personal security, the former excited by her incredible age, and exhaustless stores of knowledge both in fact and fiction, the latter by a conviction that nothing harmful, be it ghost, imp, giant, or fairy, would be able to sustain for one moment a hand-to-hand contest with my granny.

By the way, let me mention another peculiarity, I had almost said privilege, enjoyed by the grandmother, namely, that her title admits of a charming abbreviation without parallel in other relationships. There is something in "granny" at once tender and imposing, and, as I felt at the time, entirely in harmony both with her personal prowess, and caressing ways.

My most shapen idea of "granny" was that she was a being about twenty feet high, composed of a series of soft grey billows, which, growing smaller as one floundered upward, were crowned with a large laughing face, having three chins, and, when reached, very warm and comforting to the touch. Lightish-brown curls depended from granny's brow, and to these, in the conviction that they were placed there to be pulled, and occasionally sucked, I paid great attention, especially after discovering that with a good resolute tug at one of these little brown bells, I could set the whole chime in sympathetic motion.

But the keenest enjoyment was when

paying a morning visit, en robe de chambre, to granny, before she rose. Nestling beside her warm shoulder in the mighty bed, I listened, in a tremor of delight, to her narration of the extraordinary events which had occurred, nay, were still occurring, immediately about us, yet of which I had not been in the slightest degree aware.

There I learned how the old lady, who resided in the left-hand corner of the top of the bed, was in the habit of visiting another old lady, who occupied a commodious—not to say, palatial—dwelling in the canopy, with the view of consulting her as to what should be done to little boys who, when offered nice black syrup, made faces, and pushed it away;—what adventures befel her on the road, and how this friendship came to a sudden and melancholy end, by the reduction to cinders of the canopy old lady—a fate which invariably follows those who play with fire! Seen through the medium of childhood's ready faith, all this appeared to me perfectly feasible, and even the fact of two old ladies fixing their abode among so many perils and inconveniences, seemed justified by their propinquity to that haven of all safety—granny.

A time arrived when, being unwell, I was kept much in the nursery. Here everybody came to see me, except my granny. It seemed to be of no use sending her pressing invitations, even though I promised her tea out of my own wooden tea-cups. She never came. At last, one night, I saw, or dreamed I saw her, standing beside my cot, smiling very sweetly, and raising her hands above me, as in prayer. When I told my mother next day, she burst out crying, and turned away.

The first time I went down-stairs (I had a new black frock on, and wanted granny to see it), I ran straight to her room, but she wasn't there, and even her bed had gone. I asked what had become of her? had she left the family? On the contrary (I was told), granny had gone to the great gathering of the whole family of love, whither we must all strive to follow.

Granniless myself, I found a kind of solace in alien grandmothers belonging to my playmates and schoolfellows. They were not so good as mine, and nothing like so tall. Still, there were points of resemblance. They were mostly clad in grey, and had light-brown curls. Some took snuff (mine didn't), and nearly all seemed conscious of the value to the youthful mind of fairy literature, and to the youthful palate of liquorice and barley-sugar.

Liberal and enlightened in their views, anything approaching to severe study appeared to be repugnant to the granny mind. Holiday and indulgence were written in every line of the soft brows of these early grannies. Their decrees seemed to be irresistible, and not the less so for being promulgated with a degree of gentleness not characteristic of such domestic tyrants as I have since known.

As years crept on, the grandame influence became less marked, less openly exerted, but no less benign. She was like the beneficent planet that steals into a frowning horoscope, and at once disarms the malignant influences assembling there. Peace was her acknowledged element. At the sound of her soft though laboured step, dissensions died away, and a proposed appeal to granny has stifled many a nascent storm. "Hush!—Granny!" and all again was sunshine.

Who was it that, when Dicky Bolter vanished from school and joined a travelling circus, tracked him under all disguises of name and person, reconciled him both to the home authorities and to the still more aggrieved and scandalised Doctor Quicquid, and lived to see him the delight of his home, and the ornament of a high profession? His grandmother.

When my friend, Charley Stampshy, fell into the hands of Mr. Wrewin—the advertising philanthropist, who leads sums varying from ten to twenty thousand pounds on mere personal security, and then forgets the whole transaction until forcibly repaid—when, I say, Mr. Stampshy was at the very height of his friendship with that fine fellow, who was it that suddenly stepped in and broke the bond, at a cost to herself of more than a thousand pounds? His granny.

Have not Harry Wildote and Jack Mulowney shown me cheque after cheque, in a shaky but delicious hand, drawn upon the Bank of England itself (nothing less for prudent granny), the consideration for which seemed to have been little more than a partaking of tea and muffins at half-past six?

Who, at her golden nuptials, opened the ball with a grace and agility that put to shame the languid movements of the age, supped at three, and was up to breakfast next day as if nothing had occurred? Why, George Pounder's granny, cheerful Mrs. Purr Enniel.

Do not police annals record an attempted burglary in Cavendish-square, the discom-

fiture of which was chiefly due to an intrepid Individual, whose quick ears were the first to take alarm, and who, hastily arming with the poker and tongs, rushed out upon the staircase, and defied the intruders to persevere? Who was this? The granny of the house, aged eighty-seven!\* We knew her, and so tickled was my father, an old soldier, with this act of prowess, that he sent her his sword, with an assurance that, at need, she might rely upon its temper, since, like Othello's, a better never did itself sustain upon a soldier's thigh. I have her note of thanks still.

The statistics of British grandmothers have not been kept with sufficient accuracy to enable me to ascertain their average number, or duration of life. That they are endowed with extraordinary vital energies, is happily certain. We have heard it roundly, but surely incautiously, averred that some few, especially when richly dowered, or in the enjoyment of liberal annuities, never die at all, but content themselves, and fate, with taking to a wheeled chair.

Whether the climate of Italy is peculiarly adapted to granny-life I cannot say. But I know that, in that sunny land, the grandmother is an institution without which no household would seem complete.

Travelling at a disturbed period, I had the opportunity of seeing the interior of many a household that would not, under ordinary circumstances, have been open to the stranger guest. In every one of these, granny was a conspicuous figure. Seated a little apart, but by no means neglected, knitting, or winding silk from the cocoon, granny's presence and influence were quietly but sensibly felt, and the brown and wrinkled face, like a ripe old pear, seemed always ready to respond to those who sought it, with sweetness and benevolence.

After the remarks and examples hereinbefore adduced, it is indeed a painful duty to repeat that the grandmother stands in need of redress. Is that questioned? Then let me be permitted a little illustration.

While sharing a friend's sleeping apartment, I was aroused one night by the movements of my companion. I saw him rise, take up his watch, intently study, and finally relinquish it, with an indignant:

\* Fact. It may be added that the alert and courageous old lady, Mrs. Susanna Long, aunt of the late and only Lord Farnborough, survived to see her hundred and third birthday.



"Psha! Your grandmother! Don't tell me it's only half-past two!"

"Your grandmother!" By what laws descent in watches may be regulated, I cannot pretend to guess. But, granting that my friend's watch had a grandmother, mark the injustice. Is it not perfectly possible that she is still in existence, a time-piece of unwearied industry and stainless truth? At this very moment the hardy old thing may be ticking away in some Swiss chalet, governing the movements of the entire household, and happily unconscious of the shaft thus wantonly aimed at her reputation.

If my friend intended no such direct allusion, then are we forced upon the painful alternative that his interjection, "Psha! Your grandmother!" must be taken in the offensive sense in which rude schoolboys, nay, even students of a riper age, are accustomed to express disdain and incredulity. "Nonsense! Your grandmother!" "Shut up! Your grandmother!" "Go home to," "teach," or otherwise associate yourself with your grandmother—all these suggestions tending to the same object, that of bringing contempt upon that most respected name, as synonymous with falsehood, deceit, and imbecility!

At once, and frankly, let there be an end of this; and when next the question may be proposed to us, which member of our domestic circle, parents excepted, has the strongest claims to our tender respect and reverential care, let us all, with one exulting shout, reply: "Granny!"

#### A BUCCANEER BALLAD.

It was only a merry corvette that rode the South Pacific Sea,  
But the man who held that craft in hand was brave Lieutenant Lee;  
And when he was told of slaves and gold in Arequipa Bay,  
And when there came a spy of fame to show him the difficult way,  
"I'll have those rascally buccaneers by their ugly necks," said he.

Oh, how soft was the summer air when the little Firefly crept  
Under the low green woodland shores where the villainous pirates slept;  
Under the heavy fringes of foliage, fruit, and flower,  
Where safe, as they deemed, the scoundrels enjoyed their holiday hour,  
And they drank good wine from stolen cups, and their luckless captives wept.

In she paddled, the Firefly—the channel was hard to find,  
As if to the heart of a forest it seemed to wind and wind;  
But right was the guide, he knew the tide, he had been there a slave,  
He longed to see the pirates in conquered agony rave.  
Came the delight that very night for which he had prayed and pined.

Quietly lay the Firefly under the great trees where  
Never the water rippled nor soft wind stirred the air;  
Never a whisper we uttered, but watched them, lazy as swine,

Swinging in easy hammocks, while white girls served them wine.

"'Tis your very last day," said Lee to himself. "Drink on and never spare."

Ay, we could hear their ribald songs as the sudden evening fell,

And their bestial jests that well might shame the very fiends of hell,

And sobs we heard, and screams and shouts, and a roar of impious song,

And we longed with cutlass to strike down the cowardly scoundrel throng;

But Lee lay close, for he knew his game, and meant to play it well.

Yes, well it was played. We made our raid when the fools with wine were gay,

They were five to one, but the thing was done in a swift and sudden way.

The cutlass bright did work that night, and a horde of rascals killed,

But we managed to save the chief, a knave of most gigantic build;

He was hung in his gorgeous gems and gold at the yard-arm next day.

Plenty of plunder was there in that base pirate hold;  
They had ransacked churches and houses, and taken jewels and gold,

They had taken beautiful girls, too: we could but bring them back,

To the homes whence they were stolen in midnight wild and black;

But ah, they might never know again the happy days of old!

This mighty cup was part of my share. When, from its golden brim,

The rich wine flows, my eyesight grows with tears of memory dim,

For I know with pain that never again I shall sail the southern seas;

Never again shall scour the main for scoundrels such as these;

Never again my steel shall cleave a pirate limb from limb.

#### FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

##### THE LIFE GUARDS.

THE first body of men enrolled to specially guard the person of the sovereign seems to have been a corps of twenty-four archers, chosen by Richard Cœur de Lion in Palestine, and called by him Sergeants-at-Arms, who kept watch in complete armour round the royal tent, to guard him from the Moslem sabres. Henry the Seventh established a band of fifty archers for the same purpose, and denominated them Yeomen of the Guard. Henry the Eighth, always fond of splendour, had also fifty "spears" to attend him, each spear attended by an archer and two men-at-arms. This corps was disbanded, but revived by Henry the Eighth again in 1559, under the title of Gentlemen-Pensioners. In Elizabeth's time, Raleigh was captain, and the queen was proud of her handsome attendants.

During the Civil War, some noblemen

and gentlemen of quality formed themselves into a troop of guards to protect King Charles's person, and their servants constituted an auxiliary troop. A third troop was also formed for the queen, and styled "Her Majesty's Own Troop." These gallant gentlemen signalised themselves in many fights with the Ironsides, till at last they were nearly all shot and sabred under the walls of Chester. When the Restoration was in progress, Charles the Second, having upwards of three thousand Cavaliers who had rallied round him at Breda, determined to form a body-guard. He therefore selected eighty gentlemen, formed them into a corps of Life Guards, and appointed Lord Gerard (afterwards Earl of Macclesfield), their captain and commander. These Guards, while the merry king was in Holland, mounted guard twenty at a time, and twenty (ten on each side) accompanied his ponderous coach. Within the month the Life Guards were increased to about six hundred. At the tumultuous entry into rejoicing London, the king's twelve ministers rode at the head of three squadrons of the Life Guards, the cavalcade being led by troops of gentlemen in cloth of silver, blue, grey, and black, while six hundred mounted liverymen followed in black velvet coats and gold chains. On the following day, the Life Guards, six hundred strong, were paraded in Hyde Park before the Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother. The Life Guards then wore broad-brimmed Cavalier hats, with white feathers drooping to the back. Their scarlet coats were ornamented with gold lace, their broad white collars spread over their laced shoulders, their waists were girt with scarlet sashes tied behind. The men wore ruffles at the wrist, and their long hair fell in masses on their shoulders. They wore high jack-boots, cuirasses, and helmets, their weapons were carbines, pistols, and swords. The long tails of their horses on state occasions were usually tied up and decorated with ribands. The regiment gradually drooped, after the first fever of royalty wore out, and as the king's evil qualities developed, to four hundred men.

The year after the Restoration, the new regiment first fleshed its maiden swords. On January the 6th, 1661, a band of about sixty mad Anabaptists, led by Venner, their preacher, proclaimed "King Jesus," and sallied out of their meeting-house, in Swan-alley, Coleman-street, to set up the Kingdom of Christ with the sword. They

repulsed the City train-bands, but hearing the Life Guards were coming, retreated to Caen Wood. A detachment of Life Guards, and two hundred foot, beat them up about midnight, and, after a short skirmish, the Anabaptists fled. Early on the 8th, twenty of the Life Guards, under Colonel Corbet, met them again in Wood-street, Cheapside. A sharp fight took place, and some twenty of the rebels, and Venner himself, were killed or ridden down. The rest fled, and took refuge in a house, which they defended desperately. At last, surrounded and hemmed in, the remnant was taken. They lost about twenty men in the skirmish (killing as many of the Guards) and a preacher, and twenty more were hung, drawn, and quartered.

Soon after this tussle, the king augmented the corps of Life Guards to five hundred men, and divided them into three troops—"His Majesty's Own," "the Duke of York's," and "the Duke of Albemarle's." The captain of the king's troop received one pound ten shillings a day, the lieutenants fifteen shillings, and the men four shillings. The corporals of the Life Guards were at this time commissioned officers, ranking (in 1679) as eldest lieutenants of horse, and were generally called, by courtesy, brigadiers. In 1661, when the servants of the French and Spanish ambassadors came to blows on the landing of the Swedish ambassador at the Tower, and several persons were killed, the Life Guards had to interfere. In 1664, King Charles introduced the practice of having a party of Life Guards stationed inside the palace on gala and festive days. During the time of the Plague, the Life Guards attended the king in his progresses, and during that almost equally terrible calamity, the Great Fire, they were under arms the whole time, escorting the king and duke, or helping the distressed and scared people. At this period no recruit was admitted to the Life Guards till he had taken the oath of allegiance and supremacy. This was a means of excluding all Puritans and Roman Catholics. In 1666, the king granted the Guards precedence of all other cavalry, and gave the captains the rank of eldest colonel of horse, the lieutenants the rank of eldest majors, the cornets that of eldest captains. The year after, the strength of the three troops amounted to thirty-five officers, twelve trumpeters, three kettle-drummers, and six hundred private gentlemen. In 1668, the king appointed his favourite son, the Duke of Monmouth, captain and colonel

of the king's own troop. This appointment was made publicly at a review in Hyde Park, the trumpets sounding, and drums beating, as the duke rode to his troop. In 1670, the king went for the first time to Parliament by land, escorted by the Life Guards, a practice which became general after the destruction of Whitehall by fire, in 1699. At the state funeral of the Duke of Albemarle (Monk), the procession was closed by the Guards, who followed the effigy of the duke, which was clad in blue armour, and borne in a chariot covered with black velvet. The Guards at this time were quartered in Drury-lane, Westminster, and Charing Cross. From 1671 to 1810, the Guards were always employed to guard treasure sent from London to Portsmouth, and were also engaged in aiding the excise officers to collect the revenues, and guarding the treasure on its way to London.

The Guards' real fighting began in 1672. When England and France made war on the Dutch, one hundred and fifty of the Life Guards were sent to Flanders under the command of the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Feversham. At the siege of Maestrich the English troops greatly distinguished themselves. The duke at a dash carried the counterscarp and the outward half-moon before the Brussels gate in spite of the springing of several mines, which blew sixty of the assailants into the air. The enemy recovering the works by a furious sally, Monmouth and Churchill (better known as the great Marlborough) flung away their carbines and their swords, leaped, with twelve gentlemen of the Life Guards who volunteered, over the trenches, rushed through a sally-port, and rallied our retreating infantry. They soon drove back the Dutch, and regained the outer half-moon. A few days after, the besieged beat a parley, and surrendered the town. In the two campaigns the Life Guards lost fifty men.

In 1678, when war was declared with France, a division of horse grenadiers was added to each of the three troops of Life Guards. The former carried fusils, with bayonets, hatchets, and a grenade pouch full of hand-grenades. At the same time the kettle-drummers and trumpeters were ordered to wear velvet coats, trimmed with silver lace, and blazoned back and breast with crown and cypher, the trumpet banners being trimmed with gold and silver fringe. At the same period the king's troop was distinguished by blue rib-

bons and blue carbine belts, the queen's by green ribbons and green velvet carbine belts, the duke's troop by yellow ribbons and carbine belts. The two captains specially waiting on the king carried ebony staffs with gold and silver heads—being, in fact, the precursors of the modern gold and silver sticks in waiting. In 1674-8, rifled carbines were issued to each troop of Life Guards—the first introduction of rifled weapons, says the chronicler of the regiment, into the British service. In 1684, the Life Guards are described as wearing scarlet coats and red cloaks lined with blue. The standard was crimson, with the royal cypher and crown, the guidon being rounded and slit at the end. The grenadiers of the three troops wore blue, green, and yellow loops to their coats.

In the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, the Life Guards did good service, and at Sedgemoor, after three hours' fighting, scattered the right flank of the rebels. They were also at the passage of the Boyne with King William, where their loss was heavy. In the war in Flanders three troops of the Life Guards fought for the king, and at Steenkirke did their best to turn the day. At Neerwinden, in 1693, King William headed the Life Guards in person to relieve some broken Hanoverian and Dutch horse. The Duke of Ormond, colonel of the second troop, had his horse shot under him, was severely wounded, and taken prisoner. Driven back at last by a deluge of twenty-two fresh squadrons, the king lingered so long that he was all but surrounded, and was only rescued by a dash of the third troop of Life Guards, led by the Honourable Hatton Compton, who held the enemy in check for a time. Compton was promoted at once to the rank of colonel. The Life Guards were also at the surrender of Namur, where their brigadier-general arrested Marshal Bonfiller, one of the prisoners, for the non-fulfilment of terms. King William made many alterations in the Guards' uniform. Gold lace was substituted for silver on their coats, and feathers, which they had discontinued, were resumed—scarlet, white, and green for the three different troops.

The Life Guards were not employed in Queen Anne's wars, the queen being afraid of Jacobite plots. In 1742, the king, taking up the cause of the Queen of Hungary, sent over sixteen thousand men to Flanders under the Earl of Stair, and among these were two troops of Life Guards.

At Dettingen (1743), under the king's

own eye, the Life Guards behaved like true Englishmen, and at Fontenoy the Life Guards were also present, and gallantly protected the retreat.

"Gentlemen," the Earl of Crawford cried to them, as they turned to face the enemy, "mind the word of command, and you shall gain immortal honour." The Life Guards had seven officers wounded in this battle.

The Life Guards, who, as home troops, had had the painful duty of quelling the weavers' riots in 1719, were also active against the Gordon rioters in 1780, and the Burdett rioters of 1810. In 1812, the regimental uniform was changed; cocked hats and feathers were discontinued, and brass helmets, with black horse-crests, à la Grecque, substituted; the long, old-fashioned coats, with gold lace on the front, skirts, and cuffs, were replaced by short coatees, with gold lace on the collars, cuffs, and ends of the skirts only; a scarlet and gold-lace sash was adopted for the officers, and a blue and yellow sash for the men. Jack-boots and leather breeches were used on state occasions; for ordinary duty blue-grey pantaloons, with scarlet seams, and short boots. The old muskets and horse-pistols were sent to the Tower, and short carbines and small pistols issued in their place.

After more than sixty years of home service of luxury and pageantry, four squadrons of the Life Guards, in 1812, were sent to Portugal to help chase the French out of Spain. But the mountain country gave the big men on the big horses few opportunities for fighting. At the great rout of Vittoria, however, they came into action in the pursuit along the Pampeluna road, and helped in the tremendous overthrow of poor King Joseph. In April, 1814, the Life Guards escorted Louis the Eighteenth into London; and when the Prince Regent and the allied sovereigns reviewed them, June the 20th, in Hyde Park, a subdivision of the Second Life Guards appeared in cuirasses, which had been laid aside for upwards of a century. The black horsehair crests to the helmet were now discontinued, and blue and red woollen crests adopted, with a stiff scarlet and white plume on the left side of the helmet; sabretaches were added to the sword-belts, the scarlet horse furniture was replaced by sheepskin shabraques — black for the officers, and white for the men; the horse-rug was blue trimmed with gold lace, and the men's sashes were scarlet and yellow, instead of yellow and blue.

But the Waterloo campaign gave the Life Guards an opportunity of gathering up their arrears of glory. At the first alarm at the outbreak of the unchained lion of Elba, both regiments of Life Guards were sent to Ostend. The First was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ferriar, the Second by Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable E. P. Lygon, the first cavalry brigade being commanded by Major-General Lord Edward Somerset and Lieutenant-General the Earl of Uxbridge. On the 17th of June, 1815, Wellington, falling back to keep up his communication with Blücher, was pressed by the French cavalry in Genappe. The Seventh Hussars failing to break the French lancers, the Earl of Uxbridge ordered the First Life Guards to charge, and the lancers were instantly scattered to the winds.

At Waterloo the Life Guards fought like knights of romance. When the French made their desperate attacks, column after column, with vast masses of artillery, on our centre, and somewhat shook it, a body of cuirassiers were seen ascending the crest of our position. The first cavalry brigade then deployed, advanced, and halted a few minutes between our first and second lines, not one hundred yards from the enemy's ranks. The slips were pulled, and in a moment they charged in line with tremendous effect. The first cuirassiers the Second Life Guards encountered were the Carabiniers à Cheval, the very cream of Napoleon's cavalry.

"The cuirassiers of the French Imperial Guard," says a military writer of 1815, "were all arrayed in armour, the front cuirass in the form of a pigeon's breast, made effectually to turn off a musket-shot, unless fired very near, owing to its brightness. The back cuirass is made to fit the back. The cuirasses weigh from nine to eleven pounds each, according to the size of the man, and are stuffed inside with a pad; they fit on by a kind of fish-scaled clasp, and are put off and on in an instant. The men have helmets the same as our Horse Guards, and straight long swords and pistols, but no carbines. All the accounts agree in the great advantage that the French cuirassiers derived from their armour. Their swords were three inches longer than any used by the allies, and in close action the cuts of our sabres did no execution unless they fortunately came across the neck of the enemy. The French, feeling themselves secure in their armour, advanced deliberately and steadily,



until they came within about twenty yards of our ranks, as a musket-ball could not penetrate the cuirasses at a greater distance. The cuirass, however, was attended with one disadvantage; the wearer, in close action, cannot use his arm with perfect facility in all directions; he chiefly thrusts, but cannot cut with ease. The cuirassiers are all chosen men, are required to be above six feet high, must have served in three campaigns, and have been twelve years in the service, and of a good character; and if there is a good horse to be found, they have it. It is to be observed that a wound through a cuirass mostly proves fatal."

The Marquis of Anglesea was in the rear of our last troop of cavalry, when, looking behind him, he observed a French regiment formed across the road to charge. He instantly turned round, and alone galloped back towards the enemy, waving his hat to his soldiers, who had advanced some way on their retreat, and were at a considerable distance from their general. Major Kelly, of the Life Guards, was the first person to join his lordship at full gallop, and these two heroes remained for a minute or two close in front of the French, who did not stir, amazed, as it would seem, by the gallantry which they witnessed. The regiment soon came up, and dashed pell-mell amongst the enemy, who were entirely overthrown.

The Life Guards, although at first somewhat daunted at the idea of meeting men in armour, by their physical strength appalled the veteran enemy. Often, in the conflict of La Belle Alliance, did the Earl of Uxbridge turn his eye towards them, exclaiming, "Now for the honour of the Household Brigade." Major Kelly, of the Life Guards, encountered and killed the colonel of the First Regiment of French Cuirassiers, after which he stripped the vanquished of his epaulets, and carried them as a trophy. One man is known to have had three horses shot, and was taken prisoner; but being rescued by light dragoons, he returned and remounted to the charge.

"The First Life Guards," says an officer of the Second, who was present, "have lost Colonel Ferriar and Captain Lind, and several of the officers have been wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgerald was killed by a cannon-shot soon after the first charge. Captain Irby was taken prisoner, his horse having fallen with him in returning from the charge. He has since

made his escape and joined us; but they have stripped him of his clothes and money, and threatened to take his life. Lieutenant Waymouth is missing, but supposed to be taken prisoner. Colonel Lygon and most of the officers had their horses wounded during the action. About ten P.M., the army bivouacked for the night; there was then only one subaltern, with two corporals and six privates of the Second Life Guards remaining, and about double the number of the First Life Guards, but no officers, all or most of them having been dismounted. The command of the remains of the two regiments for the night was given by Lord Edward Somerset to the remaining officer of the Second Regiment.

"Several of our men, who had their horses shot during the battle, joined us, mounted upon horses which had lost their riders, some belonging to our regiment, others belonging to the First Life Guards, &c., and many French. The stragglers of the other regiments are similarly mounted. We have, at present, about forty men with us; we know of about forty-nine wounded, and the names of about sixteen killed; but our loss has been much greater, as I imagine most of those returned missing are killed, as the French did not take many of our men prisoners.

"Lord Wellington was near our brigade several times in the course of the day. He appeared much pleased with the conduct of the troops, and is said to have observed to the general officer near him that it was the hardest battle he ever fought, and that he had seen many charges of cavalry, but never any to equal those made by the heavy brigades, particularly the Household. We made, in all, four charges, namely, two against the cuirassiers, and two against infantry."

The Second Life Guards, on the morning of the 18th, were not much above one hundred and eighty strong, part of the regiment having been detached. But of this number it has been since ascertained that the loss on that day was one hundred and fifty-three horses and eighty-six men, which includes those who were killed and those who died of their wounds. The First lost four officers and seventeen rank and file, forty-one wounded; sixty-four horses were killed.

A letter from a Life Guardsman, speaking of the havoc made among the cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard at the battle of Waterloo, contains the following homely, but emphatic description: "Until we came

up with our heavy horses, and our superior weight of metal, nothing was done with the cuirassiers. Unless one got now and then a cut at their faces, not one of them gave way; we therefore galloped at them, and fairly rode them down. When they were unhorsed we cracked them like lobsters in their shells, and by the coming up of the cannon afterwards, thousands of them were squeezed as flat as pancakes."

Gooley, a Life Guardsman, who, from being bald, was known among his comrades by the appellation of the Marquis of Granby, had his horse shot under him; in the charge his helmet fell off, but on foot he attacked a cuirassier, whom he killed, and mounted his horse, his comrades in the meanwhile cheering him with "Well done, Marquis of Granby!"

Hodgson (one of the favourite models of Haydon the painter, a perfect Achilles, standing six feet four inches) charged up to the French baggage, and saw artillery driver-boys of sixteen crying on their horses. In coming back a whole French regiment opened and let him pass at full gallop, then closed and gave him a volley, but never hit him or horse. The first man who stopped him was an Irishman in the French service. He dashed at him, and said, "D—n you, I'll stop your crowing." Hodgson said he was frightened, as he had never fought anybody before with swords. Watching the cuirassier, however, he found he could not move his horse so quickly as he could, so, letting go the reins, and guiding his horse with his knees, as the cuirassier gave point at his throat, Hodgson cut his sword hand off, and dashed his sabre through his throat, turning it round and round. The first cut he gave him was on his cuirass, which he thought was silver lace. The shock nearly broke his own arm. As Hodgson rode back, after being fired at, an officer encountered him. Hodgson cut his horse at the nape, and as it dropped dead the officer's helmet dropped off, and Hodgson saw a bald head and white hairs. The officer begged for mercy, but at that instant a troop of lancers was approaching at the gallop, so Hodgson cleaved his head in two at a blow, and escaped. The recollection of the white hairs, he told people, pained him often. Before he got back to the British lines a lancer officer charged him, and missing his thrust, came right on Hodgson and his horse. Hodgson got clear, and cut his opponent's head off at the neck at one blow.

But of all the heroes of Waterloo, Shaw

the pugilist Life Guardsman towers above them all. "The line of cavalry," says John Scott, "at the commencement of the engagement, was drawn up a little in the rear of the eminence on which our infantry was arrayed; they could not in this situation see much of the battle, but the shot and shells flew thickly among them, which they were compelled to sustain without moving. Nothing tries a gallant spirit more than this. Shaw was hit and wounded in the breast; his officer desired him to fall out. "Please God," said this brave fellow, "I shan't leave my colours yet." Shortly after orders came down that the cavalry should advance; the whole line moved forward to the top of the hill. Here they saw our artillerymen running from their guns, attacked by heavy masses of French dragoons. "It was agreed amongst ourselves," said a private to Scott, "that when we began to gallop, we should give three cheers, but ours was not very regular cheering, though we made noise enough." Shaw was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction to all around him; at one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but at last fell by the remaining two. A comrade, who was by his side a great part of the day, noticed one particular cut, which is worth recording. As he was getting down the rising ground into the hollow road, a cuirassier waited and gave point at him. Shaw parried the thrust, and before the Frenchman recovered, cut him right through his brass helmet to the chin, and "his face fell off him like a bit of apple."

A Life Guardsman, whose desperate wounds went quite through his body, told John Scott that he was left upon the ground within the French lines, wounded in a charge; he threw his helmet from him, for his enemies were chiefly exasperated against our heavy dragoons, by whom they had suffered so much. After some time he raised his head, two French lancers saw the movement, and, galloping up to him, dropped both their weapons into his side; they left him for dead, but he still retained life, and shortly afterwards a plundering party came down from the enemy's position. They stripped the poor fellow, and several of them, who had been in England as prisoners of war, took this favourable opportunity of reading him a lecture on several political facts and principles, such as the right of the French nation to choose its own sovereign, and the perfidy and rapacity of England, whose inexhaustible gold was

ever at work producing wars, and the various miseries of dissension.

After the poor Life Guardsman was stripped, they sent him to the rear, but being too weak to walk, he was dragged with his feet trailing along the ground for fourteen miles, being occasionally struck by those about him, to force him to move his legs. He saw several of his fellow-prisoners murdered; but the French being in full retreat as the night came on, and closely pursued by the Prussians, they at last permitted the miserable man to sink down on the dunghill of an inn in one of the small towns through which they were at the time passing. Here he lay with blood running about him; he was awakened from a kind of dose, by some one creeping down by his side. He turned his head, and saw his comrade, the famous Shaw, who could scarcely crawl to the heap, being almost cut to pieces. "Ah, my dear fellow, I'm done for!" faintly whispered the latter; but few words passed between them, and they soon dropped asleep. In the morning poor Shaw was lying dead, with his face leaning on his hand. Shaw, says Scott, carried death to every one against whom he rode; he is said to have killed a number of the cuirassiers sufficient to make a show against the list of slain furnished for any of Homer's heroes. His death was occasioned rather by the loss of blood from many cuts than the magnitude of any one; he had been riding about, fighting the whole of the day with his body streaming; and at night he died, as we have seen.

In the pursuit of the French three cuirassiers turned into a cul-de-sac lane, and were there taken prisoners by Private John Johnson, of the Second Life Guards.

During the battle Wellington came to the head of the First Life Guards and thanked them for their distinguished bravery. On their return to England the duke came to the barracks of the Second in King-street, Portman-square, and observed to their colonel, Earl Cathcart, that the regiment's conduct had raised in his heart the liveliest feelings of satisfaction.

The earl replied: "I have known the regiment, your grace, more than twenty years, and have always had reason to feel proud of its conduct."

In July, 1815, the Prince Regent declared himself colonel-in-chief of both regiments of Life Guards, as a mark of his high appreciation of their distinguished bravery and good conduct.

In 1817, the men's double-breasted coatees were replaced by single-breasted coats with brass scale epaulets; their brass helmets changed to steel helmets and bear-skin crests; their trousers to claret colour, with broad red stripe.

That excellent prince, the Regent, was, like other royal theorists in war, remarkably fond of army tailoring. In July, 1821, steel cuirasses were again issued to the Life Guards, and the men appeared at the August coronation in bear-skin grenadier caps, having white plumes passing circularly over the crowns of their caps. In 1831, William the Fourth presented the two regiments of Life Guards with two silver kettle-drums, embossed with devices in frosted metal. In 1837, the king introduced a new cap and plume, and changed the trousers from claret mixture to dark blue and scarlet stripe. Since that time, as our readers know, the uniform of the Life Guards has undergone more than one modification.

No regiment has had fewer opportunities of winning glory than the Life Guards; yet few, it must be confessed, have made more glorious use of those opportunities when they have come.

## NOTES OR GOLD?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "FATAL ZERO," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER XLII. THE DOCTOR DISMISSED.

QUITE a change had come over Mr. Doughty. Ill as he was, he had, besides, grown eager, excitable, and highly irritable—a state of mind that did not at all forward his recovery. He was eager "to do something," to be gone, to rush out on the world, and, above all, leave Brickford, with all its miserable and torturing associations, behind him. He was heard pacing his room all day, and for a great part of the night, tramping to and fro, talking loudly, and chafing under his miseries. Those who entered found him busy in the midst of a perfect wreck of papers, which he had unpacked from the boxes that had come down, and by arranging which he was trying to distract his thoughts. Then he would start up and recommence his pacing. He longed to be well, to be free, and, at last, to be alone.

On the day when he had heard of Corinna's abrupt departure, something in the pertinacity of his friends and relations in forcing their way in had, for the first time,

struck him as singular. A sort of nervous apprehension of what was, indeed, the truth came upon him, and made him still more eager to be gone. His first thought was that he should be left alone, and entirely free from the presence of people whom he had begun to detest.

He did not lose a moment, but sent for Doctor Spooner, and, after thanking him for all the trouble he had taken, told him that he now felt strong enough to dispense with the presence of a medical gentleman in his house, after that day. He would show by a substantial reward his sense of the services paid to him.

The doctor was not a little confounded at this news, and shook his head.

"Another delusion, Mr. Doughty," he said; "you are anything but well. At this moment you should be in your bed. See, you can hardly stand."

"No matter," said the patient; "I can still have your assistance. You can come and see me. And your sister's services, too—I cannot trespass on her kindness longer."

"Oh, there is no trespassing. But you must allow us to stay some time longer. It is no object to me or to her. We look only to your interest. You must consider, my dear sir, that I have a certain responsibility in this matter, and can judge better than you can. You are not in a fit state to be left alone. It would be most improper in me to sanction such a step."

"I quite appreciate your motives," said the other, wearily; "but on this point I have made up my mind. I feel better each day, and shall be better, I know, to-morrow than I am to-day. All thanks to you. In a few days I shall be strong enough to quit this place. This occupation," he said, pointing to the papers about him, "distracts me. I have them nearly all arranged. That does not look like a sick man. I worked till one o'clock last night. It keeps away wretched thoughts. In the very act of tearing up papers, do you know, I find a curious distraction."

Doctor Spooner glanced at the door, which was slightly ajar, and whence was heard during this conversation a slight rustle.

"Quite natural," he said, "you feel a relief in the action. It gives a vent for your over-excited nerves."

"I believe," said Mr. Doughty, smiling, "I must have torn up whole reams. It seems like tearing hopes, joys, sorrows—the whole past and all the future."

Again the doctor looked towards the

door with a curious expression. The other glancing at him quickly, saw it.

"At all events," he said, "my mind is made up. I must be alone in my own house. So I will ask you and Miss Spooner to leave me by this evening. You understand."

"Not this evening. Say to-morrow morning, or a day or two hence."

The other looked at him angrily.

"I have told you my wishes, and I require them to be carried out. Please to leave me at once."

The other bowed, and was retiring, when Mr. Doughty called him back.

"Forgive me," he said, putting out his hand, "for speaking so bluntly. But I do not want to see people, or have them about me, for a time at least. The human face divine, as they call it, has nothing divine for me. It sometimes goads me to madness. You must have indulgence. I have suffered a great deal, but after a little solitude shall soon become a rational being again. To-morrow I shall expect a regular professional visit from you."

The doctor retired at once, left the house, and repaired to Lady Duke.

"We must act," he said, "without delay. He has now taken a suspicious fit, and ordered us to leave the house. His malady I fear, is gaining upon him."

"Why, what is the last symptom?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, many," he said, "and one the strongest and most significant; the sitting for hours tearing up papers into little fragments. He calls it tearing up his enemies! My sister was at the door and heard him. He wants to be alone altogether. But he is not fit to be left alone a moment."

"Then what is to be done?" said Lady Duke. "We must lose no time. I have seen Birkenshaw. He will see that everything is done legally and properly."

"He must be seen by another doctor. The opinion of two are necessary. I will get Craggs—a man," added Doctor Spooner, slowly, "who has had much experience in these matters, and who is independent of the parties here."

"But what must be the first step?" asked Lady Duke.

"It would be only proper to be in the house to take possession. He must be put under proper care, if it were only to interpose between him and others. I believe those Gardiners, at this very moment, have some design, and might slip in, and establish themselves. The wife is a very scheming person. I met him in the street



this morning, and I thought that he seemed to avoid me. Depend upon it they are at some crafty game. He is a poor creature, but she is very artful."

"It is unpleasant that one should have to struggle with such people in a matter of duty, but matters have come to this pass, that we cannot be delicate. This is my place, and I shall not shrink from taking it."

"Quite proper," said the doctor. "For this evening I can easily put him off."

"Or why not leave him altogether, as he desires?" said Lady Duke.

The doctor gave her a look of suspicion, but Lady Duke had spoken without any "hinder thought."

"Well, it might be done," said he, "but it would be a little dangerous. I think the true course for me would be to tell him his state boldly, and then what his nearest relations propose doing."

"And the Nagles?"

"Oh, they are out of the"—"running," he was going to say, but he felt it was an inappropriate word, so he substituted "business." "What right or title have they to interfere? They should not be tolerated for a moment. But, as I say, they are disposed of, and will give no more trouble. No; to-morrow will be time enough. I must then act formally in your name. After a few days he can be removed to a proper place, where he will be taken care of. I can see that all this will be very painful and disagreeable for you, but it really must be done."

This artful adviser put matters so that the lady really persuaded herself that she was acting in the business from honourable and high-souled motives, and putting herself forward to do what was painful, in the interests of the unhappy being himself. Thus did the pair meet and separate, having arranged some fresh stages in their plot.

#### CHAPTER XLIII. THE PROMPTER.

WILL GARDINER, after the plan which had been arranged with his wife, or rather which she had arranged for him, went his way in a troubled state of mind. He was not satisfied with himself. "I have kept my hands clean all my life, and done what is reputable," he said to himself; "have got a tolerably good name to hand down to my children, and now I must enter into this dirty plot against a poor sick devil who has been kind to me. I don't like it." But then, he thought, if "the poor

devil" was so mad—mad as any hatter—he was doing no more than some necessary legal ceremony, which was always more or less disagreeable and painful, but, all the same, must be done by some one. It would, to a certainty, be done by those harpies, "Duke and Co.," and he was, in reality, doing a rough sort of kindness in saving the poor fellow from them. And then, most potent argument of all, there was the bill of sale, the daily pressure of applications for money, which he knew not how to answer or to put off, to say nothing of the domestic pressure.

"Besides," said Will, as he walked along, bound for Mr. Doughty's, "the man is mad. Surely any one that could think of founding hospitals for cats is not fit to be intrusted with the disposal of large sums of money. He must be protected from himself."

As he was hurrying along to make his grand coup, and had just come to the corner of the street in which the victim lived, he came upon two figures, whose heads were laid close together, and who were talking earnestly. They started in a guilty fashion as he came up. It was the musician and the clerical brother.

"What are you two hatching there?" said Will, bitterly; "contriving how you will get at the goose with the golden eggs?"

"Oh, that won't do," said his brother. "That comes very well from you. Others are entitled to have their chance; the thing isn't to be made a monopoly of."

"Yes," said Mr. Nagle. "Arts have been used to cause divisions between me and my friend. His mind has been worked on, I can see. He has been set against me and my daughter. The whole town knows the footing we were on. It was patent."

"My good Nagle," said Will, with a forced laugh, "I am sorry for the failure; you did your best, and deserved to win; but what can you do? And my holy brother there—his sacred ministrations, I fear, must have been declined with thanks."

"This is a poor style of joke," answered the clergyman; "but it won't do. I know what work is going on, and the whole town knows it too."

"What d'ye mean, brother?" said Will, angrily; "you're talking folly."

"I mean the trying to make out that certain people are not sound in their intellects, and don't know what they are doing. We all know the object of that."

"A most nefarious scheme," said Mr. Nagle, warmly; "it's a wretched combination. He has one of the clearest and most collected heads that ever came into the world."

"Rubbish!" said Will, angrily; "haven't you been going about nodding and shrugging your shoulders, and telling every one that his wits were gone? My good do-re-mi-fa-sol friend, too many people heard you, for you to go back."

"Oh, things are exaggerated," said Mr. Nagle; "misconstruction was put on my harmless language."

"And as a clergyman, I really have a right to interfere. I cannot stand by and see an unfortunate man made a prey of in this way. It's too cruel."

"And unfair," said Will. "Unfair to you and your large family, who are not to have a finger in the pie. My dear, good, pious brother, take my advice, leave the thing alone; you and your friend Nagle here will make a very indifferent pair of contrivers. You will be pushed against the wall, and your little line of tactics is very poor and transparent. I see it perfectly. The whole place sees it; but it will be of no use."

"You forget yourself," said the clergyman, now very angry. "Let me tell you, you are considered in Brickford not to be so very clever after all. You haven't managed your own affairs so cleverly. Don't shout before you are out of the wood. I pay my bills weekly."

Will Gardiner gave him a furious look and passed on. The two affectionate brothers, when they next met in the street, passed each other without any sign of recognition.

#### CHAPTER XLIV. A CONVERSION.

MR. DOUGHTY, after his medical adviser had left him, fell into a strange state of excitement. It now flashed upon him in what peril he might be standing, "and good heavens," he thought, "if they should take any such step! I have read of such dreadful things! I am a poor helpless creature, here, quite at their mercy." He then thought of all their repeated visits, and curious looks, and their competing struggles to secure admission. He felt that he had literally no protection against any schemes they might have, and that he might be secured and carried away to a place of confinement where he might find no means of release. This idea threw him into an agony of terror, and for the

time banished all thoughts of his malady, and even of the mental sufferings he was enduring.

He thought of flight, but still the same sense of bitter helplessness pursued him. For if they were furnished with proper powers he could be pursued and captured. It was his money that was the prize; and in that pursuit they would allow no scruples to stand in the way. His illness and anxieties had diverted his thoughts from considering the determined watch that had been kept over him, and their mercenary anxiety to gain admission, a compliment that would not be paid to a poor and elderly bachelor of musical, and, perhaps, singular tastes. Putting everything together with his old sagacity, which had now returned to him unclouded, he felt by a sort of instinct that he had divined the true causes of all the late events that had attended his illness, and in his terror drops of perspiration broke out upon his forehead.

He felt that he must have all his powers ready to protect him. A sort of bitter dislike against those cruel conspirators took possession of him, and an eagerness to expose and defeat them took possession of him. He felt a new strength, and half the oppression of his illness left him. But at the same time he felt that he should have need of all his caution and self-restraint; for any emotion or show of resentment would only be welcomed, and be playing into their hands.

As these thoughts filled his mind, the door was suddenly opened, and one of the conspirators—for that character, indeed, was written on his face—stood before him. This was Will Gardiner, who, with a guilty air, had at last come to execute the task to which he had been stirred up by his wife. He had watched from the window of a neighbour's house, to whom he paid an unreasonably long visit for the purpose—the neighbour's window commanding the Doughty house—until he had seen the doctor go out; and he literally blushed as he thought of this mean shift to which he found himself obliged to have recourse. He then pushed past what he called the "she-Cerberus" at the door, not without a struggle, and made his way up-stairs. A trusty body servant, whom he had resolved to "put in possession," bailiff-like, was hanging about near the door, ready to enter on a proper signal; while in a street hard by flitted about his excellent and inspiring helpmate, as it were

shopping. To such an organised attempt had this amiable pair condescended.

Mr. Doughty started when he saw him.

"What do you want here?" he cried; "who allowed you to come in?"

"I just dropped in to see how you were getting on," said the other, confused, and in his mildest way.

"To see how I was getting on, on the road to incapacity and idiocy. Do you find that I am not going fast enough? Are you all getting impatient?"

Much taken back at this strange speech, Will Gardiner could only falter out that he was glad to see that he was better.

The other did not answer for some moments. Then said slowly:

"I know perfectly well what is going on about me, and the schemes of which I am the object. I am not surprised that some of the people here should have thought of finding their account in making me their victim in this cruel plot; but I thought that you had too manly and open a nature to descend to such baseness."

Will Gardiner was silent for a few moments, colouring furiously.

"There is no plot, as you call it," he said; "but you know you have not been well, and that we have been anxious about you."

"And for that reason you would join the wretches that would seize on me, shut me up in a madhouse for the purpose of making me mad, and let me lie there for the rest of my life. I had thought better of you. I never injured you, that I am aware of, and always tried to be kind and good-natured to you; and I can assure you if I had been so fortunate as to have carried out the marriage I looked for, you at least would not have been a sufferer."

Will Gardiner was much moved and disturbed by these words. "I don't know what to say to you, Doughty, or what you will think of me. But as I sit here, in presence of Heaven, I thought, and I was told, that you were very bad indeed. There were speeches and things of yours reported which gave the idea, but," he added, warmly, "I believe that it is all a vile invention. I'll have nothing to do with it; I don't care what they say" (the "they" stood for Mrs. Gardiner); "I wash my hands of it all. God forgive me for listening to them a moment!"

"Then I am right," said Old Doughty, calmly. "There is some such plan on foot."

Will Gardiner looked down. "I would have you be on your guard," he said.

"Some sort of villany will be tried. I am ashamed of myself for having listened a moment to such things. But the truth was, as others were going to do it, we thought we might as well have a share. I know this explanation only makes matters worse for me, but still it is all the reparation I can offer. Be on your guard, I tell you," he added, rising; "they will try something to-day or to-morrow, and think as badly as you like of me, for I have behaved like a traitor."

"No, no," said the other, smiling; "but could you do nothing for me? How am I, a poor helpless being, to protect myself? You will not hand me over to their mercy? Will you not aid me?"

Will Gardiner shook his head. "No," he said, with some pride, "I had better not interfere. Strange motives will be imputed to me, but that is only the fitting penalty. I am ashamed of myself, indeed, though I am not so bad as you think. God bless you, Doughty, and yet I would like to stand by you if I could; but you know," he added in an appealing voice, "it was very hard to resist the pressure—every one at me; and I vow solemnly to you, if I had interfered, I would have stood between you and the rest. I know that I would."

"Do so now, then," said the other, gently. "I want some friend sadly. The odds are too much against me. I have been betrayed, deceived by those who were pretending to be my friends and comforters. It would be a satisfaction to baffle them."

"So it would," said Will, with his old impulse, then suddenly checked himself, as he thought how all that he said, and could say, was applicable to his own intended proceedings. He hung down his head with a guilty look, and again looked to the door. "No," he said, "Doughty, I had better leave you to yourself, and to your own devices. I would give the world to help you. But I don't want you to think more meanly of me than you do. And to the people here I will seem even yet more mean, if I ally myself with you."

"And why, pray?" said Mr. Doughty, with the same curious look; "because you will be supposed to have designs on me and my money? Speak candidly."

"Well, yes——"

"Then there is nothing to be apprehensive of on that score. Don't be afraid. By-and-bye will come some revelations that will amaze this wretched Brickford. Then nothing can be said that will affect you, I

assure you of this. I have but one aim now, and that is to baffle these miserable conspirators, and baffled they shall be—never fear; but I must have some one to stand by me and help me.”

Will Gardiner did not quite understand, but his brow cleared, and he seized on Mr. Doughty's hand and wrung it.

“Then what am I to do?” he asked. “Only tell me.”

“Stay with me as much as you can. Support me by pretending that you have the same scheme in view that they have. It will drive them to fury and desperation.”

Will Gardiner, always mercurial, entered with delight into this idea, and forgot all his own private distresses in the anticipated enjoyment. He forgot, also, the very important share he had proposed to take in these obnoxious schemes. However, he was a thorough creature of impulse, and illogical enough not to see this inconsistency.

Almost at once his newly-found advocacy was put to the test. Here was Doctor Spooner returned and ushered in by his sister, who had clearly been telling him outside of the intrusion.

“Stand by me now,” said Mr. Doughty, in a low voice, and with a trepidation owing to the enfeebling effect of his illness. “Now is the time to make a beginning.”

The doctor saw in their faces traces of the new alliance.

“You should not have come in,” he said. “You interfere with my treatment. I think it very bad taste, and my sister tells me you forced your way past.”

“I am here by the wish of your patient,” said Will, “and I mean to stay here—to come and go as he pleases.”

“Not without my sanction,” said the other; “so long at least as I am allowed to be in charge of his case.”

“I told you not to return,” said Mr. Doughty.

“That dismissal I cannot accept,” said the doctor, “until some one has been appointed to succeed me. Mr. Doughty is not in a fit state of health to be exposed to these intrusions. The responsibility is on me. He seems well now, and may be in a fair way of recovery, but these agitations and disturbances will have the worst effect. It is only a medical man that can understand this. And I call upon you now to withdraw.”

“Well, this is cool,” said Will Gardiner,

yet a little awed by the doctor's confident manner.

“Cool or not, I must protect Mr. Doughty from himself. I look on him now, and I say it to his face, as being in a weak and helpless state of mind, such as would readily render him liable to be the prey of the designing. Those designs I and my sister here shall oppose strenuously, at least until another physician shall be introduced.”

“This is going too far,” said Will Gardiner. “Do you dare to oppose him in his own house? Leave at once, sir. Shall I have him turned out, Doughty? Only say the word.”

“Better not attempt anything of the kind,” said Doctor Spooner, stepping back.

“Mr. Doughty I am sure will give you the same advice, unless you have so excited him as to prevent his taking a calm view of the question. However that may be, I take the whole affair upon myself.”

“I think,” said Mr. Doughty, with a nervous manner that might have been assumed, “that Doctor Spooner is right. All this worries and excites me. My poor brain will go. All that I have passed through during these few weeks would have fitted me for a madhouse. Don't irritate Doctor Spooner,” added he, shading his eyes. “He will visit it on me if you go away.”

“I am not going away,” said Will Gardiner; “that is, I shall return, and stay here for the night. Let those who dare keep me out at their peril. You wish me to be with you?”

“Yes, yes, if Doctor Spooner does not object. I have plans, and a great deal of business to arrange. I want to devote such little money as I have to a charitable purpose. Before I die I suppose I shall do like other weak-minded beings, endow cats, and dogs, and colleges.”

The doctor's eyes kindled at these welcome words.

“No doubt,” he said. “The whole place is full of your supposed intentions, which are singular enough. But we shall see all about that in good time. Meanwhile Mr. Gardiner need not threaten. He can stay if he pleases, only he must take the responsibility on himself.”

“Cheerfully,” said Will.

The doctor retired. Will Gardiner took his friend's hand, and, after a short conversation, left the house. The counterplot had begun.

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